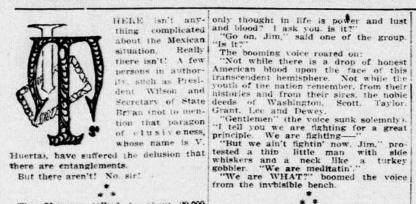
WASHINGTON, D C., SUMDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1914.

LONG ENOUGH TO READ



The Observer talked to about 20,000 freeborn American citizens during the past week. One of them is named Achil- tiently. Popudocus, and he runs a shoeshining cooking. Then there was Wong Yung. don't remember the other one-and that's who can commit more kinds of mayhem goin' to fix things." inen collar than any Chinaman who was stroking a wart on his nose.

He was looking around eagerly for another precedent when the Observer

"There is the case of the Brazilian revolution." whooped the editor, game to the boys togethe last. But the Observer reached the my country." uter door and disappeared.

"What is your idea?" he asked. "Hang 'im," replied the pirate sucinetly. He waved an arm in a southerly "Ain't we got troops down there? Ain't we got marines down there' What's the matter with going over to Mexico City and gettin' this Hoo-er-tuh feller and stringin' him up?" A reminiscent look came into his eye.

"I saw 'em do it to a Greaser hossrustler down in New Mexico in '94," he added. "an' it was as simple as any-

added. "an 'it was as simple as anything."

"But," said the Observer gently, "do not the minor objections occur to you? Mexico City is 200 miles from the coast, on a straight line. Then there are the possibilities of international complications. Other nations might feel hurt if we hung the provisional president of a sister republic."

The prize merely grunted a loud grunt.

"Well," said the parate, "we should

Well, said the prace, we should worry!".

That, to his simple mind, was the ne plus ultra of diplomacy.

The Observer, hoping that he might get his coffee sooner by so doins, pointed out that it was not customary in these days of universal peace to hang high officials because of international misunderstandings. But the Observer got simply nowhere. The pirate drew the coffee and thoughtfully tested the temperature with his middle finger.

The believe you're supportin' the adminimorphism of the seek since at first all his time will be employed in memorizing the books furnished him.

The conserver of the Mean' is more individualisative of the Mean' is more individualisative. The chief competitive examinations are three in number, the first, for the Slutsai, or A. B. degree, is held at the prefectural city; the second, the Ku-jen, or M. A., at the provincial capital, and the third, the Tsin-shi, or LL. D. at Peking.

If helieve you're supportin' the adminimate the provincial capital, and the third of these, since at first all his time will be employed in memorizing the books furnished him.

It is ideal is a righteous government over a tranquil and happy people. The "Doctrine of the Mean" is more individualisative. Correct conduct in every stage of life is its subject.

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The chief correct conduct in every stage of life is its subject.

The chief correct conduct in every stag his middle finger.

"I believe you're supportin' the admin-trical form.

istration. he said, in surprise.

The Observer guiped his coffee hastily and departed while the pirate was obviously debating the advisability of call-

Near the lunchroom is a cigar store, the advertisements. In the rear of this ployed the "Thousand Character Classic." This consists of a number of characters, afternoon the friends of the storekeeper or ideographs, none of which appears

"Meditatin'," replied the little man, pa-

establishment. Another was Eudmonia goin to get the good offices of them three colored, who on occasion does light three countries—Brazil and Chili and I

The constant interruptions were evi-dently getting on Jim's nerves and he

"I'll be more use at home." he responded. "I will have to go out and get to the boys together. That is my duty to clothes but his conversation that ad-He paused. Evidently he was deter-

principally by drummers.
Could Huerta be hanged?
Was war advisable?
Could international mediation be accomplished?
These thoughts rambled and rumbled through what the Observer calls, in moments of exaltation, his brain.
Of a sudden the thoughts were side-tracked; sidetracked as quickly as was the canal toils question when the battleships started south.
The Observer had received the jolt of his life.
Now he had always known that traveling salesmen were possessed of a wide acquaintanceship. He knew that they were valued according to the strength and length of their friendships. But never had he supposed that even the most of on speaking terms with a president (a provisional president and slightly batter-



"Peaceful occupancy." argued the editor, upsetting a paste pot, "is the only solution of the problem. The use of marines is sanctioned by precedent. Now take the case of Nicaragua—"

And then he took the case of Nicaragua and gripped it by the neck and dragged it around the room while it moaned plain it around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the plain the plain around the room while it moaned plain the pla His friend called him Zeke. He was black-haired, black-eyed and the possessor of a spring suit that looked like a black-and-white checkerboard. It had the biggest checks of any suit the Observer has yet seen. Every time the garden seen man moved he gave the impression of getting ready to jump into his own king row.

But that isn't the point. It wasn't bis clothes but his conversation that administrated the knockout.

"You see," he was saying to his friend. "The you go and have a talk while it developed that what wong wanted was the Death of a Thousand Cuts administered upon recreant Mexicans by the United States Army. He did not specify the United States Army. Anybody would do for him, so long as they were scientifically acquainted with the Death of a Thousand Cuts. "Anybody would do for him, so long as they were scientifically acquainted with the Death of a Thousand Cuts. "Mand," he continued, "what I want to tell you is that all Vic needs is a little good advice from my friend Bill. He ain't never read Bill's Prince of Peace stuff—say, that's great stuff, too—that's little feller Bill Bryan don't understand the more trouble. All this mess is because Bill and Vic don't understand way a sileut tear of disappointment. But his indomitable cheerfulness returned.

"This little feller Vic Wharta—aw, he's a bear cat, but he ain't got no sense!" "Why don't you go and have a talk with Bill Bryan' asked the friend." That was enough for him.

THE CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

the Chinese boy of the higher class enters upon his "educational course." The table at which he sits, to-The pirate merely grunted a loud grunt gether with his stool, is furnished by contempt. of contempt.
"We don't recognize him, do we?" he cake, and the pen or brush with which he is to write.

For some time, however, he will have no need for these, since at first all his

simply to provide him with exercise in the memorizing of words.

Near the inheritodin is a conne of the kind that is run on purely of "memory exercises." After this work, in the west. Every candidate has me own little cell in which he works during the land through the control of this control of the control o

T the age of seven or eight years, fairly begun; and there is a lot of wearl some labor ahead.

As if the books themselves were not a sufficient difficulty, there are endless commentaries, just as in English there are thousands of commentaries upon the Rible.

Bible and Shakespeare. The "Great Learning" provides illustrations of virtue, aims at the constant renewal of good, and so at the attainment of the highest excellence. Its ideal is a righteous government over

youth whose career is under consideration here may possibly find himself in curious position as competitor with

To guard against fraud in the examina Then comes the book of surnames, 400 tions there have been adopted precauin number, which serves as another book tions such as would never be dreamed of of "memory exercises." After this work, in the west. Every candidate has his

ployed the Thousand Character Classics and the latter bench, and here of an afternoon the friends of the storekeeper who are too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work gather and hold counsel.

The Observer advanced to the counter and placed a nickel over the glass compartment which holds his favorite cigars. "One," he said.

But the dealer heeded him not. Hyphotheally he stared at the little group of the center of the group, came the sound of a booming voice, the kind of a voice that develops after many years of good living and light working. The group surrounding the bench moved closer, "Is the United States to have its glorious emblem of freedom and liberty, its symbol for all that is altruistle and fair and beautiful, trampled beneath the tyrant heels of a foul despot, whose There is a proverb in China, "Any essay

United States is out lecturin'?' (Vic three swoops at what was left of a shirt.

means Bill Bryan.)

"Yes, excellency, says the other guy,
"Don't you kid me, says Vic. 'I
ain't excellency. I gota head ike a
barrel. You go send my apologies to
Bill and tell him we'll keep the Americans and sheep separate hereafter.
Then you go out and get yourself
hung. I ain't got time to write a

shirt.
"Choppee smallee pliecee," he suggested.
"Who," demanded the Observer, "is
going to chop what into small pleces?"
Wong waved his hand vaguely.
"Anybody choppee Mlexican," he temporized.

After a while it developed that what
Vany wanted was the Death of a Thou-

the last. But the Observer reached the outer dorn and disappeared. Into a little lunchroom he went, a tidy place where ordinarily one may have coffee and peace. The man who presides at the pastry counter is the grimment to be candid. "Got a weak leart" the pastry counter is the grimment to be candid. "The observer hast of a sodden looking pirate was not to be side." The Observer partial must had an inch of a sodden looking dish of a sodden lo

"You wantee clolla"." Wong Yung looked up in mild surprise. He adjusted his glasses. "You wantee clolla'? Him leady allee samee Fliday."

Painfully, slowly, the Observer got the facts through Wong Yung's solid ivory dome that he was not interested in his collars (few people are after Wong gets through with them), but that there was large and flourishing young war in Mexico and that he wanted to know what Wong Yung would do about it.

Once he was convinced that collars were not to be demanded, Wong Yung cheered up wonderfully. He returned to his ironing board and made two or

family and all your friends.

That was enough for him.

"You don't likee peace?" asked the Ob-"You say," said Wong, "that-that no

an have pliecee. No can cut." When you get Wong on the English language you might as well quit first as last and save your friends the trouble of nursing you through nervous prostration. fairs.

The lowering afternoon sun was doing its well known stunt of lighting up the justly celebrated horizon when the Ob-server reached the establishment of Achilles Popudocus. Now Achilles, the wonderful (who is named George for short), was staring gloomily at the street as he waited for his prey-customers, that is.

Mr. Smith, halting for a moment. as he waited for his prey-customers,

The query by now had become a mono-tone, a chant without meaning.
"How would you handle the Mexican situation?" asked the Observer. After George got the thought—which by liberal counting was in the course of the next five minutes—his difficulties were

"Taka Beel Bryan out and drownd heem," replied George, simply.
"You." charged the Observer, "have been reading republican newspapers!" "Chucka heem in river." added George evidently anxious not to be misunder

"Why so?" demanded the Observer.
"Tie heem in da bag." reitera "The heem in da bag." reiterated George, "den the a rock on da bag. Den droppa heem off da bridge!" George is a one-ideaed person.
"Why this feeling?" interrogated the

Observer. "Why this lack of patriotism? Where are your finer feelings? Where—"
"Offa dat bull!" said George, vehemently. "You know whata I mean. He go out on da stage. He talka alla time about peace, da peace, da peace! You see any peace? Bah! Drown heem! Tie heem in bag! Me? I feex t'ings. I feexa all right! We hadda fight with lotta Turks. We talka peace? Bah! All dam' talk. Bah! Drownd heem!"

TAVE BEEL BRYAN

is a grocer by the name of Smith. He is a church-going, quiet, solid man, who pays his pew rent and contributes to foreign missions and expresses true regre whenever one of the chosen is eaten by the appreciative cannibals of some foreign and unenlightened isle. He has raised a large family and raised them well. He has avoided the stirring competition which tears men's souls from their bodies and makes them old before their time.

life, a little wrinkled, a little bald and a little short of breath. But, withal, he is

Mr. Smith withdrew his gaze from the smoke of the house opposite and spoke freely, not to say sonorously. "In this enightened age," said he, "there is no more reason for nations to quarrel than for individuals. In the mid-dle ages every man settled his own af-fairs. Now the community, by law, ar-

fairs. Now the community, by law, arranges them.

"William Jennings Bryan, for whom I have wanted to vote steadily since 1896, is one of the few men who has the foresight to realize that the age of univ real peace is at hand. His guiding mind can carry us through this Mexican difficulty—and it is nothing but a slight difficulty—without the superfluous shedding of in-

Mr. Smith, halting for a moment, breathed deeply through his nose.
And during the interlude the Observer got in a word.
"You know George?" he asked.
"The bootblack up the street?" replied Mr. Smith. "Yes, I know him.
"I was talking to him," said the Observer, reflectively, "and he told me that William Bryan—Beel Bryan, he calls him—ought to be tied in a sack and be tied in a sack and

For a moment the classic countenance of Mr. Smith seemed about to burst. Veins stood out. A rich, purplish tinge suffused him from brow to chin. "That little Dago!" he spluttered. The Observer nodded. "Why he ain't even a citizen!" roared

Mr. Smith, whose wrath was causing his English to suffer. The Observer was silent.

Mr. Smith waved a fist in air.

bag, did you say, and drowned?"

The Observer nodded

Like a fack-in-the-box Mr. Smith disappeared. He returned in a moment pulling a large derby hat down over his cars.

"Come with me," he urged grimly. "Come with me and watch me talk to that Dago. Insulted William J. Bryan. did he? Well, he'll take it back-or I'll knock his block off."

The Observer watched him depart swiftly up the street, wondering mean-

while on the weird ways that peace nglish to suffer.

The Observer was silent.

Mr. Smith waved a fist in air.

"Tied in a bag," he repeated. "tied in think of the Mexican situation. End-

The Secret.

'Humph. Nothing easier,' granted the

"There's a colored wig anecdote they are telling in Paris-an anecdote with

"A royalist duchess, receiving in her gloomy hotel in the Rue de Varennes,

put up her lorgnon on the entrance

Dramatic Silence.

THE most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the antagonist of Gustavus Adolphus, and the commander of at Roslyn, said of an artist, recently dethe emperor's armies in the thirty years' ceased, whose work had been very popul

Wallenstein insisted that the deepest "The secret of popularity in art is case elence should reign around him. His of- let every picture tell a sincerely senti ficers took care that no loud conversation mental story. Yes, this secret is as easy hould disturb him. They knew a cham- and as efficacious as the other one indiberlain had been punished for waking cated by the magician bim without orders, and an officer who has bal masque a group of girls de would wear clanking spurs in the commander's presence has, it was whispered, been secretly put to death.

In the groups of Walkers. been secretly put to death.

In the rooms of Wallenstein's palace

In the rooms of Wallenstein's palace the servants glided as if phantons and a dozen sentinels moved around his tent charged to secure the silence the general demanded. Chains were stretched across the streets and roads in order to guard him against the disturbance of sounds. Wallenstein's taciturnity and 'ove of silence that caused him to be irritated at the slightest noise were due to his constitutional temperament. He never smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could not endure to be gazed at even when giving an order.

The soldiers when he crossed the camp pretended not to see him, knowing that a serious look would bring them punishment.

"Humph. Nothing easier,' grainted the magician. Get a million and stay single.

A Lesson.

MME. JOIRE, whose pretty Paquin mannequins went to the theater one evening in Chicago in colored wigs, was talking to a Chicago reporter. "Colored wigs," she said, with a smile, "are beautiful on beautiful women, but they are very ugly indeed on ugly ones.

"There's a colored wig anecdote they are telling in Paris—an anecdote with a

A Slight.

A VISITOR at the Players' Club in New York told an anecdote about a of an ugly and overdressed marquise, New York writer.

"Skrawle," said he, "has been in a "'il deuce of a bad temper the last week or why "Why so?" a player asked,

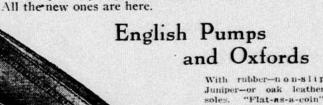
"Well, you see, the Trash magazine has declined an article by Mrs. Skrawle for its 'Wives of Great Men' series."

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